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The Herald, December 26, 1891

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The Herald.

VOL. 12

CEDARVILLE, OHIO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1891.

NO. 47

For a HOLIDAY PRESENT.

Those wishing something nice, beautiful decoration, ornamenting and useful as well, have always called on us and have always been fully satisfied. We display a taste in making our purchases and selections that not only please the eye but the Purse. This year we make an ew departure and in connection with the popular lines we have heretofore handled we display for SALE (no raffles or chances) a pretty line of Engravings, Etchings, Pastelles, Water Colors, (no Daubs) and other Pictures all handsomely framed. These goods are bought low and will be sold accordingly. Always something new has been our motto and effort. We show you this week the most beautiful and finest line of

- CANDIES and CONFECTIONS -

Ever exhibited in this place. These goods perfectly pure and absolutely wholesome. A good idea is to buy early else you have culled select from.

B.G. RIDGWAY, Pharmacist

THE HERALD.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, '91.

W. H. BLAIR, Editor and Prop'r

1 PRICE \$1.25 PER ANNUM.

Willets

Thursday evening Dec., 31st.

Sale of seats commences next Monday morning.

A marriage is looked for North Cedarville January 1st.

Miss Sadie Kyler has gone to London to spend the holidays.

Mrs. Aaron Shepard died at her home south of Cedarville Tuesday.

Rev. Tufts says Willets cannot be too highly recommended as a lecturer.

J. N. Lott, who has been working in Alexandria, returned home Thursday.

Mr. Evans, of Sidney, was the guest of Miss Alice Stormont this week.

Ed Nesbit has secured a job in Bellfountain and left for that place Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Cal Stormont entertained the Stormont family to an elegant Christmas dinner.

Miss Maggie McNeil has gone to Bellfountain to visit her old home and attend the marriage of her sister.

Crawford and James Stormont, who have been attending school at Sparta, Illinois, returned home last week.

Silk umbrellas, mufflers, neckwear, and numerous other useful articles for the holidays. A. B. Crandall & Co., Xenia, Ohio.

Smoking or house coats for gentlemen make a very attractive Christmas present. Prices \$5 to \$12. A. R. Crandall & Co., Xenia.

Marriage licenses: J. L. Phythian and Mary B. Ankeney; H. C. Stires and Laura Ledbetter; D. L. Paullin and Mattie E. Mangan; Henry Kershner and Millie E. Coffman; M. R. Stinson and Mary B. Shigley; John W. Kelley and Daisy E. Mound; Elmer C. Matthews and Effie Kizer; Upton C. Flatter and Lillie A. Brewer; Florence Field and Ida F. Spahr; Alex Blades and Lizzie Scott; Sherman Draper and Clara A. Carper.

We are offering better bargains in suits and overalls than ever before at the season of the year. A. Crandall & Co., Xenia.

Will Frazier and wife heard Willets lecture in Springfield and say nothing could keep them away from the opera house December 31.

A crowd from both Xenia and Jamestown will be here to hear Willets lecture, "Sunshine." The following letter we received this week, unsolicited, only mirrors the sentiment of all who have heard him:

W. H. BLAIR.

Cedarville.
I see by your issue of 19th, that Willets will deliver his famous lecture "Sunshine," at your town. I heard him at Dayton recently. He spoke to a crowded house of the elite of the city, and to say it was grand is putting it mild. Your people will miss the opportunity of their lives if they miss it. The lecture abounds in both wit and pathos. If the weather will permit you may count on Mrs. C. and myself.

Yours
I. T. CUMMINS.

TRANSFERS.

Clara A. Lewis, \$38.

Sheriff to Harrison Johnson, 3 a, Yellow Springs, \$430.

Sheriff to Mary and Sallie Bates, 258.60 a, Beaver Creek, \$12.671.

Mary and Sarah Bates to D. K. Wolf, same, \$1.25.

Eugene and Dolly White to George Siebold, undivided half of lots 552 and 644, Yellow Springs, \$125.

Wheeling Gaunt to James Mingo, 3750 sq feet, Yellow Springs \$1.

John White to Margaret Sturgeon, 50 poles, Jamestown, \$1100.

John A. Thuma to Margaret Sturgeon, land, Jamestown, \$800.

H. Sablin, admr of Dempsey Roberts, to W F Orr, lots 7 and 7 Roberts & Anderson's add to Penia, \$100.

W F Orr to Charles Page, lot 7, same, \$60.

W. F. Orr to Charity Hawkins, lot 8, same, \$60.

David Cendig to Christiana Brode, lots 145 and 155, Fairfield, \$400.

Thos Dwyer and others to Wm T McClintock, 42 1/2 a, Silvercreek, \$2025.

Ann Compton to Walter Compton at al, quit claim to 272 a, Warren and Greene, -1125.

Levi Barnett to Leonard Mound, 2010 1/2 of an acre, Jefferson, \$156.

DECEMBER NEEDS

Can all be supplied at our house. If you need anything in blankets, just now we are selling an all wool scarlet one at \$2.75 a pair and an extra fine home made blankets in scarlet, white and Gray at \$4 a pair. A full line of all grades of blankets from 75cts a pair up to the very best comforts of all grades both Eastern and homemade. Heavy underwear for men, women and children, all grades very cheap, ladies ribbed vests at 25 cts. each a special at 35cts that sold at 50cts, early in the season, extra value in scarlet at 78cts, regular \$1 quality. Fine all wool ribbed at 89c. each reduced from 1.25. Holiday goods, beautiful new things this year, prettier than ever before. We are making special low prices on Ladies' and children's wraps this month.

JOBE BROS. & CO.

Boys' and children's overcoats are now going at very low prices. Everything in the clothing line marked down. A. R. Crandall & Co., Xenia.

Rev. Baily, of Glifton says Willets lecture on "Sunshine" is one of the finest in the land. At opera house the 31st.

Holiday excursion tickets will be sold at reduced rates at all ticket stations of the Pennsylvania Lines on December 24th, 25th, and 31st, 1891, and on January 1st, 1892, good returning until January 4th, 1892.

The Y. P. S. C. E. of the R. P. church will hold a social at the residence of Rev. Mortons New Year's evening.

Misses Fannie and Anna Townsley went to Anderson, Indiana, to spend Christmas with their brother OI and wife.

Go to S. L. Walkers
And see his display of gold and silver watches, for both ladies and gentlemen. Also a fine assortment of jewelry, finger rings of different kinds, silver thimbles of different sizes, also a large assortment of spectacles and almost everything that is usually found in a jewelry store. S. L. WALKER.

Sunday Creek, Hocking, Jackson, Pittsburgh and Anthracite Coal at Andrew Bros. & Co.

Go to Boyd's restaurant for a good meal, only 25 cents.

Smith's the place for a seafoam.

5a Horse blankets, buggy whips, etc., at Andrew Bro & Co.

Halters, collars and all kinds of harness sundries at James Murny's.

Cash paid for fur at S. L. Walker.

Oranges, bananas and lemons at Bull's.

Malaga grapes at Bull's.

Oysters and cranberries at Bull's.

Christmas Candles.

The largest stock, the lowest prices in town at Bull's.

Smoke C. P. Wright's cigars. For sale at Bull's.

Silk handkerchiefs and mufflers at J. C. Barber's.

New Sogum molasses at Andrew Bros. & Co.

If you want a stylish livery rig go to Boyd's.

Go to Charlie Smith for a shave.

All kinds of heating stoves, in base-burners and common heaters, for hard and soft coal and wood, can be found at Crouse & Bull's.

Nobby hats and caps in all styles not received at Stormont and Co's.

Robes and blankets, the best grades at bankrupt prices at Stormont and Co.

Hard and Soft refined Sugars at GRAY'S.

Hard and Soft Refined Sugar, a GRAY'S.

A fine line of pocket and table cutlery at Crouse & Bull's.

CLEARANCE SALE.

In order to close out our winter stock of Millinery, we will sell our hats (trimmed and untrimmed) at a very great reduction. We also have slipper soles and yarn. BARBER & McMILLAN.

Fresh cakes and bread at the bakery. JACOB SEIGLER.

New crop Currants, at GRAY'S.

Buckwheat Flour at GRAY'S.

Roller Avena, Wheat, Oatmeal, Cracked Wheat, Excelsior, Pearl Barley, at GRAY'S.

Teas, Coffee, Cigars and Tobacco, at GRAY'S.

Whole and Ground Spices, at GRAY'S.

Soap, Starch, Lye and Blues, at GRAY'S.

Wood and Willow ware at GRAY'S.

New crop California Prunes, at GRAY'S.

New crop California Peaches, at GRAY'S.

New crop Sorghum, at GRAY'S.

Crackers, Ginger Snaps and Reception Wafers, at GRAY'S.

Spring repair work at Murray's harness shop.

The First Step.

Perhaps you are run down, can't eat, can't sleep, can't think, can't do anything to your satisfaction, and you wonder what ails you. You should heed the warning, you are taking the first step into nervous prostration. You need a nerve tonic and in Electric Bitters you will find the exact remedy for restoring your nervous system to its normal healthy condition. Surprising results follow the use of this great nerve tonic and alterative. Your appetite returns, good digestion is restored and the liver and kidneys resume healthy action. Try a bottle, Price 50c. at B. G. Ridgway's Drug Store.

Sunday Excursions via the Pennsylvania Lines.

Tickets at one fare for the round trip between any two stations on the Cincinnati Division from Columbus and Springfield to Cincinnati inclusive will be sold by the P. O. C. & St. L. Ry. Co. on each Sunday until further notice, during the summer of 1891.

HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS VIA PENNSYLVANIA LINES.

Excursion tickets will be sold at reduced rates at all ticket stations on Pennsylvania Lines West of Pittsburgh on December 24th, 25th and 31, 1891, and on January 1st, 1892; good returning until January 4th, inclusive.

The Cedarville Herald

W. H. BLAIR, Publisher.

CEDARVILLE, OHIO.

PAPAL AUDIENCES.

The Ceremonial to be Observed—No Gloves or Spectacles Tolerated.

The grave incidents which have marked the recent pilgrimage of French workmen to Rome may render interesting a description of the ceremonial observed at the audiences granted by the pope to persons who call on him privately, and not in large numbers as members of a pilgrimage or a religious association. The etiquette to be followed in these cases has been described in the recent work of Signor Felix Grimaldi, the "Roman Congregations."

The question of the costume is the first to be attended to. If you are an ecclesiastic you must wear the black "soukane," or robe, over which is to be put the Roman cloak called "ferrallone," otherwise you would run the risk of having the entrance to the pope's apartments closed upon you. If you are a layman it is sufficient to present yourself in a dress coat with a white cravat. It is not permitted to officials of a foreign government to appear in uniform, unless they are on an official mission to the Holy See. Still, one may wear the decorations granted him by foreign governments; with the exception, however, of any Italian decoration. If you have among your several decorations that of knight or commander in one of the pontifical orders it must take precedence over all others and be in the place of honor on your breast.

Ladies must be dressed in black, and must throw face veils over their heads. Gloves are absolutely prohibited; princesses of royal blood are the only persons allowed now to wear them, and this concession is of recent date. Ministers, ambassadors and sovereigns go to the audience with one hand gloved and carrying in the other the glove that is to cover that hand. Military men in uniform may keep their gloves on, provided these articles are a part of their regular uniform.

Hats must be left in the hall of the "Basilantini," exceptions being made only in the case of the cardinals, and of the superior military officers whose headgear forms part of their uniform. It must be added that, according to an ancient usage, it is forbidden to wear spectacles when presenting one's self before the pope. But if it is absolutely necessary for the visitor to wear them, permission has to be asked of the holy father, who always grants it.

On being introduced into the presence of the pope, the visitor kneels three times, then kisses the pope's foot, and remains kneeling, unless the pontiff invites him to be seated. On retiring from the audience, the visitor must kneel three times again and walk to the door without turning his back upon the pope. In those audiences no special request must be addressed to the holy pontiff; all the wishes of the visitor must be confined to asking blessings for himself and some members of his family. It is permitted also to present some articles to be blessed; but this is useless, for the pope on entering the reception room gives his blessing to all the persons present, and consequently to the articles which they may have brought with them.—Chicago Journal.

A SHREWD TRICK.

How Letters Are Examined By Post Office Thieves.

Do you see this letter, torn here in the middle of this side? What do you suppose did it? Done by the string that is used to tie up the bundle of letters in the mail bag? That is what almost everyone thinks, but it isn't the fact. It is done by post office thieves. I got that straight from the postmaster of a large city not very far from here. It is a shrewd trick to deceive the man who receives the letter. He knows that after the letters have been collected at the office they are put through the stamping machine, which cancels the stamp and prints the postmark at the same time. Then they are sorted out according to their destination, and all those going to the same place are tied up in one bundle. They have a peculiar way of tying them, used at all post offices. They use rather fine string, and it is put around the bundle twice, once around the side and once around the end. The letters are not all of the same size. Some are longer than others, and some are in square envelopes, while others are in the old-fashioned long envelopes. This being so, it follows that if the string is drawn tight, as it must be to hold the letters together, some of the larger letters will be cut on the side or end by the string. The post office thieves know this as well as any one else, and so when they wish to find out if there is any money in an envelope they simply tear it a little on the side or the end. Almost any postmaster considers it a favor if a man getting such a letter will take it to him. They always make an endeavor to trace such letters, and then watch if other letters coming over the same route are torn in the same way. You can usually tell whether the letter was really torn by the string or by hand, for the string will wear and fray the edges before it cuts into the letter itself.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE BATTLE FIELD.

THEFT OF THE PLANTER.

How a Colored Hero Stole a Confederate Vessel.

It was February 12, 1863, when the confederate steamboat Planter, the special dispatch boat of Gen. Ripley, was captured by Robert Smalls, then a young negro 25 years of age. On the previous day, May 12, the Planter, which had for two weeks been engaged in removing guns from Cole's island to James island, returned to Charleston. That night the officers went ashore to sleep and left a crew of eight colored men on board the Planter. Robert Smalls was virtually the pilot of the boat, but was called wheelman, because at that time no colored man could have been made a pilot.

In the early part of the night Smalls concocted the scheme to take the boat and run her over to the Federal side. She would have to pass beneath the guns of the forts in the harbor, and the danger of the undertaking can well be imagined. Failure and detection would have been certain death. But Smalls proved himself to be possessed of rare nerve and courage that hesitated at nothing. Under his command word was brought aboard and the fires started beneath the boat's boilers.

About two o'clock in the morning the Planter silently moved from her dock. She returned to the North Atlantic wharf, where Smalls's wife and two children, together with four other women and one child, and also three men, were waiting to embark. These were taken aboard, and at 3:25 a. m. Smalls started with a crew of nine men—two of the eight who were left on the boat for the night, having remained behind—five women and three children, on the perilous adventure. Passing Fort Johnson the Planter's steam whistle blew the usual salute and she proceeded down the bay.

Approaching Fort Sumter Smalls stood in the pilot-house leaning out of the windows with his arms folded across his breast, after the manner of Capt. Ripley, confederate commander of the boat, and his head covered with a great straw hat, which Capt. Ripley most always wore upon such occasions. Passing Fort Sumter was the most dangerous part of the adventure.

Capt. Smalls becomes firm and determined to this day in relating this experience. The breathless suspense of himself and little crew, while exposed to the yawning port-holes, looking into the muzzles of hell, can hardly be realized. But Smalls never flinched. He pulled the cord with steady nerve and the signal required to be given by all steamers passing out was blown as coolly as if Gen. Ripley was on board going out on a tour of inspection. Sumter signaled "all right," and the Planter headed toward Morris Island, then occupied by Hatch's light artillery, and passed beyond the range of Sumter's guns before suspicion was aroused. When at last it became obvious that the Planter was going directly into the federal fleet, Sumter signaled Morris Island to stop her. But it was too late. The Planter ran up a white flag, but all of the federal fleet, not seeing it, made away, except the ship Onward, which was not a steamer. She opened her ports and prepared for defense, but saw the white flag of the Planter just in time.

Capt. Nichols boarded the latter, and Smalls turned his capture over to him. Smalls was the recipient of much praise from the government for his brave act, and continued to act as pilot for different vessels along the coast. He pointed out and helped in removing torpedoes which he had assisted in sinking, and putting in position. During these trips he was in several battles, and distinguished himself for bravery. He was finally made captain of the Planter and acted as such until 1866, when he was ordered to Baltimore and the vessel put out of commission.

The Planter, May 13, 1863, was a most useful vessel to the enemy, and when captured had on board the armament for Fort Ripley, then being established. Smalls never received but one thousand five hundred dollars for his capture, and after the war endeavored to secure her full value, which in addition to her cargo amounted to sixty or seventy thousand dollars. Later, also, a bill was offered in congress to place Smalls on the retired list of the navy, but it never passed.—Chicago Tribune.

A MYSTERIOUS MAN.

Death of a Strange Member of Mosby's Raiders.

There died recently in Texas a man who was from first to last a mystery to his friends as well as enemies. A creature of the late war, he knew nothing of fear, could subject himself to the severest hardships without a murmur, was surrounded with an impenetrable mystery, and preserved his incognito to the last.

He first made his appearance in the brigade of Gen. Mosby in the confederate cavalry. He was then a man of perhaps twenty-seven years, tall and commanding in presence, black hair and eyes and an exceedingly swarthy complexion. He was one of the best riders and shots in that famous command. His face always held its calm, stony expression, and he was never known to be under the influence of excitement of any kind. Soon he was detailed as a scout, and the only name the soldiers had for him was Whittington, or "Black Whittington," the scout. Though in many desperate hand-to-

hand encounters he was never wounded, and his judgment and information were implicitly relied on by the officers. He seemed to avoid company and would never enter into conversation with any one, except relative to the service and the business he had in hand. Once Col. Mosby asked him where he came from. When he had finished his report he said: "Colonel, I try to make a good soldier for the confederacy, and outside of that it is none of your business what I am or where I was born." In his mysterious way he came and went, and the soldiers of the line came to count on a battle when they saw "Black Whittington" return from one of his trips, always riding at a swift gallop. At the battle of Yellow Tavern, just outside of Richmond, he was last seen for many months. Many of the soldiers refuged to New Orleans with the intention of going to South America. While there Whittington came in, to their great surprise, for many thought him captured and hung as a spy. While there he became involved in a difficulty with some lawless soldiers and killed three. He then went to Mexico and joined Maximilian. He seemed to have been long acquainted with him and his officers, though his companions knew well enough to ask no questions. After the downfall of the emperor he smuggled goods across the border for a time, but he finally disappeared and nothing was heard of him till he turned up as a scout of Barrios in South America. When that campaign was over he came to Texas and lived quietly on a farm until he died, last week.

He died from the effect of a bullet that had lodged near his heart, and very suddenly. When they went to dress him for burial he was completely clothed in a heavy suit of Spanish chain armor, dented and battered by bullets that had come in contact with it. The only thing about him that would in any way lead to his identity was a seal ring hung around his neck with a chain, on which was an antique olive branch. People who took an interest in him often tried to trace up his past life and lineage, thinking him to be of some noble family, and that he had exiled himself, but they were unsuccessful, and he died as he lived, without giving a single clue to his identity.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A FIRE ZOUAVE.

His Dying Request on the Field of Battle.

A private letter from a young soldier in Company F, Eleventh Massachusetts regiment, who was in the Stone Bridge battle, relates the following: "I must tell you of the noble bravery of one of Ellsworth's Zouaves. He had been shot in the wrist, and the ball had severed an artery. It was after we had made the second charge upon the battery, and I had lost my gun, which had been knocked from my hands by a cannon ball, and I was now in the rear of my company when I saw the zouave creeping towards me. 'Boy,' said he, 'for God's sake hold me up a minute, I am gone under, but let me fire once more on them.' I held him up, and facing him round toward the enemy, steadied his arm, while he fired six shots from his revolver at them. I then helped him down the hill towards the hospital tent, a short distance, when he asked me to examine his side, as he felt a pain there. I opened his clothes, and found that a ball had passed through his body. I carried him a little further, when suddenly our whole body, artillery, infantry and all, were rushing upon us in full retreat, and crying out 'all save yourselves who can.' 'Go,' said the brave zouave, 'go my boy, you are not hurt, and I am a dead man; they can not hurt me any more, go for God's sake, go,' and I had to leave him there on the ground knowing I could do nothing more for the poor fellow. Oh! the horrors of this war, how shall I describe my feelings. Words fail me.—American Tribune.

SCATTERING SHOTS.

Col. JOHN S. MOSBY, the once-famous confederate guerilla, now an attorney of the Southern Pacific road and a resident of San Francisco, is in Washington on law business. His hair is snow white, but his eye is as piercing as a gnat.

Col. MATTHEW S. LANGHORN, of Lynchburg, Va., recently extracted from his leg a fragment of a minie ball with which he was wounded at the battle of Seven Pines, nearly thirty years ago, as he was leading a confederate regiment into action. GEN. AGRAMONTE, who served during most of the war on Gen. Hooker's staff, is now a notable character in the City of Mexico, where he is the agent of an American life insurance company. He is still a lively fellow and wears the badge of the Loyal Legion. GEN. MITES' standard story is about a soldier who, during an engagement, became panic-stricken, and turning his back upon the enemy, ran like a deer. "Here, you!" the general called in sternest martial tones; "what are you running for?" The man stopped not, nor did he turn his head, but yelled back: "I am running because I can't fly." Down in Arkansas lives Mrs. Stella Christian, the wife of a well-to-do farmer, and the mother of nine sons. During the war she assumed male attire, and won a reputation for bravery as a soldier in the confederate army. She served under Gen. McIntosh, and it was not until after she had been wounded at the battle of Elk Horn Tavern that her sex was discovered, and she was obliged to quit the service.

IN WOMAN'S BEHALF.

THE WIFE'S ALLOWANCE.

She Should Be Treated Either as a Partner or an Employee in the House.

This question is often asked: "Is a man's wife to be regarded, on the business side, as a partner with individual rights as well as joint liabilities; as a salaried official, acting under orders, and with little or no responsibility; or as a mendicant?" In one or the other of these positions a wife must necessarily stand, and it is just as well that it should be clearly understood from the outset which of them she is to fill.

As a partner in the domestic firm she must have an equal right to draw her share of the profits, even though the other partner keeps the books and has the money passing through his hands.

The partner in a business firm, through whose hands the money passes does not claim any superiority over his fellow who actively superintends the manufacture from which the cash results. He does not, merely because he handles the money, talk of giving his partner what he pays him; he knows that the money belongs to his partner as much as to himself.

This is surely the way in which the marriage partnership ought to be viewed, from the business standpoint. In the great majority of cases the wife works as hard as the husband, though in a different way. Her management of the household and the children, if properly done, is usually to be set against his work at his place of business—it is equally essential to the marriage partnership; and though there are exceptions, the normal state of things is for the wife to be as hard worked at home as is her husband abroad, and therefore, to be entitled to equality in the profits of the partnership.

Supposing, however, the husband is not to be convinced of the strict justice of this theory, the wife has a strong plea in reserve.

"If I am not a partner," she may fairly say, "I have a just right to be regarded as an employee. If I am not a partner, I at least render certain services to the household, and I claim as my right whatever compensation would be paid to any third person for the same services. Put it as a matter of equal partnership or of employment, whichever you please, only do not evade the obligations of both."

This, at least, is reasonable; if the wife is simply an official, let her be paid as such, and let her call what she receives her own. Whether as housekeeper, governess, or cook, a wife saves for her husband, but the savings belong to her, not to him.

"When my wife asks me for money, I give it her," says one husband. We don't question his perfect willingness to do so for one moment, but why should the wife ask for what is already her due? A man who earns his living likes to feel that at a certain fixed time his wages will be absolutely his; he will not have to ask, and his employer can entertain no feeling of "giving."

Only long and patient observation can enable any mere man to understand the continual and unjust humiliation suffered by multitudes of admirable women—the pinching and contriving and patient enduring they will undergo—because of this perpetual ordeal of "asking" their husbands for money. The husband may be the best natured man living; the wife may know that asking means receiving; but that which annoys her is the asking itself.

In many cases the money is paid without it, I know, as an allowance; but in that case the word is still one which implies a favor given and received; it is not an "allowance," properly speaking, but is simply her share of the income, if you regard her as a partner; or her salary, if you view her as an employee.

A woman needs this sense of independence. At present there exists an amount of soreness and chafing and secret unhappiness in the hearts of apparently happy wives which could be instantly removed by the certainty of even a very small income which they could call their own.

In no case should a wife be made a mendicant. A wife and mother, highly honored by all who know her, was heard to declare that she would never consent to the marriage of her daughters without a definite understanding that whatever money they were to have from their husbands should be paid them regularly at stated times. And she added: "No man can possibly understand how a sensitive woman shrinks from asking for money; if I can help it, my daughters shall never have to ask for it."—Vienna (Austria) News.

AS DEPOSITORS.

How New York Women Manage Their Affairs at the Bank.

About 30,000 women in New York city have bank accounts. Their number has almost doubled within two years, and the ratio of increase is still very great. There are now at least two banks in that city that are virtually women's banks. They are not savings banks, either, but regular banks of deposit, and what is more they are among the best paying financial institutions in town. There are nearly 10,000 women depositors in these two places alone, and women's trade is solicited by them to such an extent that every possible facility is afforded them for transacting their business. They are both on Fifth avenue, the Second

National in the Fifth Avenue hotel building and the Fifth Avenue bank at the corner of Forty-fourth street. Besides these the Madison Square, the Sixth National, the Garfield and all the Harlem banks have women depositors and are glad to get them. The Fifth Avenue has, however, gone further to secure this trade than any of the others. Its counting-room is modeled after that of the new savings banks, with a counter in the center of the room, and windows on each side. One set of windows is for men, the other for women. Two full sets of paying and receiving tellers and individual bookkeepers are employed, one for each of the sexes. Once every day they send to the sub-treasury and buy a large quantity of brand new bills, so that when a woman presents a check she will be paid in crisp money fresh from the mint. S. I. Trissell, president of the Fifth Avenue bank, says of his women depositors:

"I find them much more careful in that respect than men are apt to be. They sometimes make mistakes, of course, but they are not so liable to overdraw purposely and take chances on making it good before the check gets here as men are. They are very quick to learn the process of depositing and checking out money, and seldom have to be told the same thing twice. Many of our female customers have large accounts and keep handsome balances with us, and there are also many who keep an account for household expenses. The latter accounts swell up at the first of each month, and as a rule dwindle gradually down toward the last, but the depositor generally manages to add something to her balance each month, until quite a snug sum is laid away for a rainy day. The custom is growing among men of moderate means to give their wives a stated sum for pin money and household expenses. This goes into the bank nowadays, whereas it used to go into the bureau drawer. Women can save money better than men, and many a poor fellow, when he thought he had reached the end of his financial tether, has been agreeably surprised by his wife's bank account, and helped out of a very tight pinch. Other men of improvident habits, but with good salaries, give every dollar they earn to their wives as soon as they get it. These men always benefit by it, for when it comes to close financialing in the humble, everyday walks of life, the women are away ahead of us."—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Business Sense of Southern Women. There's no nonsense about the southern woman. "She's the farthest seeing, the shrewdest, the best matched to man in business matters of any woman you can find," says Henry Waterson. "With the offer of her services comes the statement of the sum of money she expects for it. While the employer haws and hedges—as he is sure to do—she hums 'Dixie' and looks out of the window. She knows he'll take her terms, and she means to give him full return for what he gets. Then when all is arranged she insists on having a good, stout contract made. Then she goes to work with a calm heart."

We are not to infer from this statement, however, that she is a grasping creature, for, as a matter of fact, she is the soul of generosity. But she has a well-defined business instinct up in that sentimental head of hers that won't allow her to throw her work away, however lavishly she may dispense her money.

IN WOMAN'S WAY.

THIRTY per cent. of all women in the United States are working for a living, an increase of nine per cent. over the year 1881. GRACE M. THOMAS is said to be the only woman real estate agent in Washington. She has had tolerable success during the year she has been in business.

ONE of the best mining experts of Arizona is Nellie Cashman, a tall, dark-eyed young woman less than 30. She is known all over the state as a most reliable worker.

Mrs. M. H. HIGGINS, of Washington, has been engaged by the native women of Ceylon as director of their society for the promotion of women's education. She gives her services, receiving only her expenses as remuneration.

IN spite of the slurs cast upon the housewife's knowledge of literary and society women, there are many of them who, if popular report be true, look as well to the ways of their households as any Marthas who do nothing else. Among those who have a practical knowledge of cookery and housekeeping may be mentioned Mrs. Burton Harrison, Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, Mrs. W. C. Whitney, Mrs. Levi P. Morton, Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew and Mrs. Cyrus W. Field.

THE Silver Cross club is a new enterprise in which some New York women are interested. The club proposes to reach out to all self-supporting women, and the aim is to be helpful to each other in a practical way. They propose to co-operate in purchasing the necessities of life for one thing. They will conduct a bureau of information whose business it will be to find employment for women. They will co-duct women who are strangers in the city to respectable boarding places within the limits of their purse. The expenses of the club are to be met through the dues. The latter will be a nominal sum per year. Emily Verdery-Battery is the promoter of the club.

TEMPERANCE.

SAM'S PO.

A Very Effective Temperance New York.

I made a great mistake. I met Sam, the new sawed-off, chunky old, but doesn't look a very dignified boy, and I never yet, proaching a smile of mistake I made was Sam and playfully ribs, as any man has any boy. He stepped looked me up and a cold-blooded manner served:

"Sir! If you have me please state your I went among the about Sam, and I treated everybody to no chums, spent no I knew anything about he had to be careful! I went back and made that is, I excused my stood treat to a man thaved him out that had a talk about the and the outlook of me I just happened to living place in Baxte evening as I was pro saw him down in when I had called to down.

It was a two-room most wretched, w Sam's father was ly floor and his mother mattress in a corner mumbled and tried then.

"Home, Sweet Home served Sam. 'Take and have a chair. Glad this way."

"And so this is where I live. Elegant success, isn't it? Lot courage a boy to make self!"

"Is that your father?" "Of course."

"Sham! Sham! Wh called the mother."

"Now, you hush!" pointed at her. "I quiet and go to sleep!"

"All rise, Sham—plied, as she fell back. "Drunk, of course, I looked from father this way about four I was figuring just be and here's how I am been a drinking man. He has paid out an average of during the \$30.50 per year or about interest. Mother has for about ten years."

"We'll call that \$3 \$1,500 gone from our right?"

"Yes." "Owing to drink I least one day out of a month to lose a job a three months. We'll days in a year. The thirty years, and bein has never had less There's \$3,000 more come. Am I correct?"

"You are." "The father now tur stretched and rose u thickly inquired:

"Sham, whuz time?" "Never you mind!" "You have gone to and I want you to sl The man muttere but fell back and again, and Sam con

"A man who gets into trouble will has been arrested times in the thirty fined at least \$300 a \$100. While drunk once and his arm broke her arm. Y lamp and we lost \$ ture. Loss of fur etc., about \$600. I

"I don't think so." "Well, then, let have a total of abo say nothing of inte mechanic's income date. It's just as into the fire and hasn't done us one the contrary it has and brutalized us."

"I see." "Sham! Sham! called the mother."

"I want you to ly replied."

"All rise, Sham." "Now let's see we had this mon good," continued and dollars wou it would take us and lot and esta of his own; it w lawyer or doctor keep father and years of their I worry. See! You come to fig white!"

"It certainly is." "A Sunday or after an interva pressed wonder rich people did poor. It would to wonder why more to help the

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

SAM'S POOR LOT.

A Very Effective Temperance Address by a New York Newsboy.

I made a great mistake the first day I met Sam, the newsboy. He is a sawed-off, chunky chap twelve years old, but doesn't look over nine. He is a very dignified and solemn-looking boy, and I never yet saw anything approaching a smile on his face. The mistake I made was in winking at Sam and playfully poking him in the ribs, as any man has a right to do by any boy. He stepped back a pace, looked me up and down in the most cold-blooded manner, and quietly observed:

"Sir! If you have any business with me please state your case!"

I went among the boys and asked about Sam, and I learned that he treated everybody that way. He had no chums, spent no money, and no one knew anything about him except that he had to be carefully handled. Then I went back and made up with him—that is, I excused my hilarious conduct, stood treat to a milk-shake and so thawed him out that we now and then had a talk about the weather, the crops, and the outlook of matters in general. I just happened to blunder on to his living place in Baxter street the other evening as I was prowling around. I saw him down in a basement, and when I had called to him he invited me down.

It was a two-room habitation and a most wretched, woe-begone home. Sam's father was lying drunk on the floor and his mother reclined on an old mattress in a corner and muttered and mumbled and tried to sing now and then.

"Home, Sweet Home!" quietly observed Sam. "Take off your overcoat and have a chair. Glad to see you down this way."

"And so this is where you live?" "Yes. Elegant start on the road to success, isn't it? Lots of things to encourage a boy to make a man of himself!"

"Is that your father and mother?" "Of course."

"Sham! Sham! Whoze that, Sham?" called the mother.

"Now, you lush!" he replied, as he pointed at her. "I want you to keep quiet and go to sleep!"

"All rize, Sham—all rize!" she replied, as she fell back on the bed.

"Drunk, of course," said the boy, as I looked from father to mother. "It's this way about four nights in the week. I was figuring you before you came in, and here's how I came out. Father has been a drinking man for thirty years. He has paid out an average of 10 cents per day, during that time. That's \$36.50 per year or about \$1,100 without interest. Mother has been drinking for about ten years.

"We'll call that \$350. Here's about \$1,500 gone from our income. Am I right?"

"Yes."

"Owing to drink father has lost at least one day out of a week. I've known him to lose a job and not work for three months. We'll call it only fifty days in a year. That's 1,500 days in thirty years, and being a mechanic he has never had less than \$4 per day. There's \$3,000 more lost from our income. Am I correct?"

"You are."

The father now turned over, groaned, stretched and rose up on his elbow and thickly inquired:

"Sham, what time is it?"

"Never you mind!" answered the boy. "You have gone to bed for the night, and I want you to stay right there!"

The man muttered and complained, but fell back and was soon snoring again, and Sam continued:

"A man who gets drunk generally gets into trouble with the law. Father has been arrested at least a hundred times in the thirty years. He has been fined at least \$300 and mother at least \$100. While drunk father broke his leg once and his mother once broke her arm. Mother once broke a lamp and we lost \$400 worth of furniture. Loss of furniture, doctor bills, etc., about \$600. Is that too high?"

"I don't think so."

"Well, then, let's add up. Here we have a total of about \$5,500 in cash, to say nothing of interest lost from one mechanic's income up to the present date. It's just as much lost as if it had been done up one iota of good. On the contrary it has disgraced, degraded and brutalized us."

"I see."

"Sham! Sham! I want to shing!" called the mother at this juncture.

"I want you to keep quiet!" he sternly replied.

"All rize, Sham—all rize!"

"Now let's see what we could do if we had this money which has done no good," continued the boy. "Five thousand dollars would buy us a snug farm; it would take us but west, buy a house and lot and establish father in a shop of his own; it would educate me as a lawyer or doctor twice over; it would keep father and mother the last ten years of their lives without worry or fear. See! Isn't it appalling when you come to figure it out in black and white?"

"It certainly is."

"A Sunday or two ago," said Sam, after an interval of silence, "you expressed wonder in your speech that rich people did not do more to help the poor. It would have been wiser in you to wonder why poor folks didn't do more to help themselves."

"By abstaining from drink?"

"Exactly. I know there are plenty of cases where industrious sober men are brought down to hard times, but eight times out of ten drink is the cause of it. We can't say to a laboring man that he can't have a glass of beer when he wants it, but what does his want of it result in?"

"Have you a remedy?"

"No, there is none. Every man runs his own affairs according to his own ideas. If he prefers to get drunk you must not meddle. He knows what the result will be; therefore, let him alone."

"Sham! Sham!" called the father.

"What about my own case?" queried Sam, as if suspecting that I might put the question. "It would be labor thrown away to try to do anything. The end will come in a year or two more. The city will bury them and I'll only have myself to look after."

"That's a tough thing to look forward to."

"Well, what can you do? There is only one end to a drunkard's life. He himself knows that."

"Sham! Sham! I want'er shing a shong!" called the mother.

"Whozer callin' Sham?" asked the father, as he tried to get up.

Sam and I looked at each other, and he held out his hand as I opened the door. Words would have been wasted. Queer boy, that Sam, but I think a great deal of him.—M. Quad, in N. Y. World.

VARIOUS NOTES.

SEVENTY women have licenses for selling beer and liquor in New York city.

SAYS a recent African traveler: "Nature has already proclaimed in words whose letters are formed by white men's graves that no drunkard and no moderate tippler shall prolong his days in tropical Africa."

"ONE thing that might be done in Europe in view of the short crop there is to make it all into bread instead of whisky. But it will not be done. Many people will starve in Russia and elsewhere that distillers may be enabled to continue their work."—The Voice.

THERE are hundreds of instances in which people have found a drunkard's doom by tasting alcohol in their food after they had reformed. The taste for intoxicants lurks in some persons' system as a fierce fire, to be let loose with an uncontrollable fury by even the smell of liquor.

SOME whisky recently seized in a kitchen barroom in Boston, when some of it was rubbed as a liniment on one of the feet of a patrol-wagon horse, burned off the hair near the hoof. Some more of the same stock of whisky was accidentally spilled on the desk in the police station, and it ate off the varnish.

OUT of seventy thousand British troops in India eighteen thousand are teetotalers. Sir Frederick Roberts himself says: "For every five hundred teetotalers enrolled the strength of the British army is practically increased by another battalion." The authorities in India make an annual grant of eight thousand rupees for temperance work, and give the use of a room in every corps for meetings, as well as allowing refreshment bars to be opened, the profits of which go to temperance work, so that the men are encouraged in every way to remain true to their pledge.

A Certain Poison.

Drunkness is both a sin and a disease. It is a sin, to commence with, and after having passed through its first stages and fastened itself securely upon its victim, it becomes both a sin and a disease. Alcohol is a distinct and certain poison; so declared by many leading physicians and scientists. When taken into the system regularly as a beverage it in numberless cases results in drunkenness. Drunkenness comes from drinking, and the drunkard always commences as a moderate drinker. Drunkenness is to be treated both as a sin and as a disease. The grace of God can save any drunkard from his sin, even to the uttermost, and multitudes have thus been saved. Medical treatment has done much to save drunkards, and every effort in that direction should be joyfully hailed by every true friend of temperance, and due credit given for all good accomplished. At the same time all moral and social means possible should be put forward for the salvation of the inebriate.—National Temperance Advocate.

The Drinking Habit.

An essential to the success of a country boy in a great city is to let drinking alone and absolutely. He does not need the stimulus, and the habit of drinking is responsible for most of the personal and business failures in both country and town. It is a bad sign when a young man's breath smells of alcohol. Confidence in him is impaired, and oftentimes more among those who drink themselves than among those who abstain. The drinkers know what it means. They know by experience that the first effect of alcohol is to weaken the judgment. They know that when the habit of drinking is once formed it usually becomes more and more fixed and demands greater and greater quantities of the stimulant, so that habitual drinkers are never in their real sober senses. You never can tell when it is safe to trust them. Drinking by a young man, too, suggests the possibility of dangerous companionship, of which employers are always fearful.—Standard.

SEA HORSES AND SEA COWS.

Mammoth Animals Which are Rapidly Going Out of Existence.

Writers of a century or more ago were accustomed frequently to speak of the "sea horse" and "sea cow." By the first name they referred to the walrus, which is one of the most interesting of animals, simply for the reason that it is among the most useful. There is a serious prospect that before many years have passed the species will be altogether exterminated, and this will be extremely unfortunate, inasmuch as the people who live in Arctic regions depend upon it to a great extent for their own survival. The walrus has been called the camel of the Esquimaux. To that race this creature is as important and even essential as the ship of the desert is to the Arab, or the cocoa palm, to quote a vegetable simile, to the South Sea Islanders.

Its flesh is of use for food, its oil for warming and illuminating purposes, and its tough skin, stretched over wooden frames, for making canoes. But these are only a few of the uses to which the walrus is put. Its intestines supply an admirable water-proof clothing, the soles of the flippers made into footgear and the sinews are employed in the manufacture of nets whereby to capture birds. The ivory of the tusks is of excellent quality; it is of endless utility for domestic purposes and is always of service as a medium of barter with traders for all the products of civilization which may be required by these savages of the North. So indispensable is this beast that walrus fannies are recorded in pathetic legends by all the savage settlements of the Arctic.

Whole colonies of Esquimaux have perished from time to time through an unusual scarcity of walrus at the season when they were to be expected. At present their whisksers are an important article of commerce, being used by the Chinese as picks for opium pipes.—Washington Star.

"Mamma, I want some water in a bowl. I am going to christen my doll."

"No, little dear. That would be trifling with a sacred subject." "Then give me some wax to waxinate her with. She's old enough now to have something one to her."—Harper's Bazar.

"Bulfinch—I tell you what it is, that Miss Smilax is simply out of sight. Wooden—Yes, I've noticed it every time I've called."—Boston Courier.

A bad verse—perverso.

Medical advice—be patient.

What did William Tell?

Girls of a feather flock together.

The leaves will turn, but they'll never return.

JOHNNY—"Papa, what is fallacy?" Papa—"It's folly, son!"

"This is the end," the bee said to the boy, and he felt it.

A writ of attachment—the love letter.—Washington Star.

Be sure that your character begins at home.—Galveston News.

In the game of life the opera composer makes the most scores.—Chicago Times.

As a sole-inventing invention the bastinado is worthy eminent mention.—Boston Courier.

The cautious nature of the Indians may account for their preference for accepting official statements with reservations.—Baltimore American.

"How do you know Jimson is crazy?" "He's talking out of his head." "That's a good sign. He usually talks out of his mouth."—N. Y. Herald.

The Yuma Indians are building a theater of their own. It is expected that the performances will be mostly Yumorous, so to speak.—Philadelphia Ledger.

There is a new book entitled "How to Keep Dogs in a City." A fortune awaits the author who will tell how to keep cats out of a city.—Chicago Times.

Shrimp—I wonder what kind of line it is that Budkins uses when he goes fishing. It always breaks just as he is landing the biggest fish he ever saw. Suffer—It's nothing but 'garu."—Detroit Free Press.

Adverse Criticism.

The general impulse to bestow praise and the discrimination which alone gives praise and value, are not very often found in conjunction. The man who unites these traits is a true benefactor and inspirer of his fellows. The general habit is to be niggardly of commendation. We seem to be afraid that if we tell people they have done well they will never do any better. Adverse criticism is considered wholesome. To feel always that more is expected of him is the spur that every man is supposed to need. But to express satisfaction, even when performance warrants it, is, at the least, of doubtful expediency, if not positively mischievous. Most plants and flowers thrive best in the sunshine, but human products, it would appear, grow ripest and richest in the dark and cold.—Examiner.

The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word?

There is a 3 inch display advertisement in this paper, this week, which has no two words alike except one word. The same is true of each new one appearing each week, from The Dr. Harter Medicine Co. This house places a "Crescent" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, send them the name of the word and they will return you book, beautiful lithographs or samples free.

The doctrine that "like cures like" is illustrated by the fact that when people tire, the best thing for them to do is to retire.—Washington Star.

COUGHS AND COLDS. Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, etc., should try BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Sold only in boxes.

The difference between an editor and his wife is that his wife sets things to rights while he writes things to set.—Yonkers Statesman.

Don't fool with indigestion nor with a disordered liver, but take Bechham's Pills for immediate relief. 25 cents a box.

WHEN you set a hen on an egg you expect a chicken, but what do you expect when you set a dog on a tramp? Answer—A flea.

FORNITY Feeble Lungs. Acastus Winter with Hale's Hoax of a Cure and Tur-Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

TALKING of the thieves of the present day, the greatest pirate of old was a mere Kidd to them.—Philadelphia Times.

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AND

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Mo Poultry and Pet Stock Club. All varieties cheap. Write R. G. MASON, KIRKSVILLE, MO.

NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

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You are exposed to sudden changes of temperature, and to injuries.

ST. JACOBS OIL

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VASELINE SOAP, Perfumed..... 25 "

WHITE VASELINE (2-oz. bottle)..... 25 "

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GARBOLED VASELINE (2-oz. bottle)..... 25 "

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Be careful to accept only the genuine, put up and labeled by us. If you see a cheap imitation, do not buy it. It is a cheap imitation, and will do you no good. DO NOT BUY CHEAP.

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WAKES TO THE LIFE.

DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

GOOD NEWS

FOR THE MILLIONS OF CONSUMERS OF

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It gives Dr. Tutt pleasure to announce that he is now putting up a

TINY LIVER PILL

which is of exceedingly small size, yet retaining all the virtues of the larger ones. They are guaranteed purely

vegetable. Both sizes of these pills are still issued. The exact size of

TUTT'S TINY LIVER PILLS

is shown in the border of this "ad."

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THE HERALD.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, '91.

W. H. BLAIR, Editor and Prop'r

(PRICE \$1.25 PER ANNUM.)

A Georgia tree, which had stood more than 1000 years, timed its fall so as to crush George Holt when he was passing by.

John Allen, who fled in Ft Dodge, Ia., on Thursday, was noted for the solidity of his understanding. He wore No. 17 shoes.

Lincoln's Gettysburg address is to be engraved upon a bronze tablet 10 feet square. The inscription will outlast the monument.

A Rockland (Me.) man offers to quit swearing upon conditions that his daughter will practice two hours a day upon the violin.

Money will not buy everything. If it could, a Chicago banker would not have hanged himself because he was in poor health.

A Frenchman has perfected a novel device. It is an automatic applauder, by which theatrical managers can ascertain on first nights the feelings of the public.

T. H. Glaskin, a Chicago traveling man, was struck by lightning the other day by accidentally hitting his umbrella against an electric light wire. He was not killed, but he did not think any for an hour.

The thousands of rebellious Tennessee miners may well tremble. Gov. Buchanan is in earnest. He has enlisted an army of 16 men to return the convicts to the Briceville mines!

It is asserted that the Keeley bi-chloride-of-gold cure for drunkenness, attracting so much attention just now, is nothing new. Dr. Burger of Booneville, Mo., says the formula was published in a medical journal 15 years ago.

Much has been said about altruism in these latter days. There never was a sublimer example of it than that furnished by William Grush, a Philadelphia brakeman. The other afternoon he deliberately imperilled and lost his life to save that of a woman who was a stranger to him.

A Vermont editor has an original but effective way of stirring up delinquents. He publishes obituaries of them. He assumes that they must be dead, else they would not be delinquent.

St. Paul was a preacher of small stature; but he was considerably larger than a Florida man named Sawyer who is studying for the ministry. Sawyer is 41 inches tall, and weighs only 50 pounds.

The most remarkable mustache of ancient or modern times flouts from the upper lip of James Brown of Braxton county, W. Va. When his arms are outstretched, it extends beyond the ends of his longest fingers.

There are parties in Canada, Newfoundland, the British and Spanish West Indies, the Hawaiian Islands and lower California now clamoring for annexation to the United States. It is not unlikely that the time will come when all South America will plead to have Washington for its capitol.

Ink has done much for the furtherance of justice, but it was never before applied in quite the manner it was at Vicksburg, Ok., two or three nights ago. The conduct of Dr. Strange had been obnoxious for some time; so a posse of citizens escorted him to a sequestered nook and covered him with a coating of ink.

The finest line of fresh and salt meats in the county at
C. W. Dean's

The punishment of innocence is the height of tragedy. A dying man at Blakesburg, Ia., has confessed that it was he who committed the murder for which a man named Anderson was lynched by a mob some time ago.

An English writer recently discussed the bloody tendencies of Americans. He says the brand of Cain is upon us. It is a fact that in crimes of violence America outnumbers the most civilized European nations 25 per cent.

A Georgia man is dead as a result of stealing, and he was not lynched, either. On his way home with some body else's slaughtered pig he attempted to jump a ditch. His foot slipped and he fell in such a way that the load broke his neck.

It would take some very cogent arguments to convince Mrs. Joseph Kornberger of Glen Gardner, N. J., that the wearing of corsets is folly. The other day when her enraged husband struck at her with a knife a corset steel turned the blade.

A man in St. Paul has sued the Western Union for failing to deliver a telegram announcing the death of his Chicago brother. "The petition avers that the plaintiff was deprived of the satisfaction and pleasure of seeing his said brother and being present at the funeral."

There was a southern play running in a New York theater recently. Some of the southerners in the city said "It was not courteous to bill the play with a United States flag." Politeness is getting more than its share when patriotism must stand aside for it.

A Brooklyn wife would not mend her husband's trousers because he would not give her some spending money. In revenge he hung his trousers out of the window with this legend attached: "Laziness. A woman who won't sew her husband's pants, but goes gossiping among the neighbors."

Mrs. Henrietta Dudley of New Haven, Ct., known to fame as "the ossified woman," has just died, aged 67. She was a genuine pachyderm. Her skin was an inch thick and as hard as a stone. In 1847 six doctors examined her and told her that she did not have a year to live. She was alive long after the grass was growing on all their graves.

Albert Hurd was released from the Connecticut state prison last week. He was just walking out the gates when requisition papers from Massachusetts were served upon him. Hurd has lived 49 years, 30 of which he has passed in durance vile.

Bertie White, a Texas girl, had a habit of taking things which did not belong to her. Recently she forged an order for a bridal trousseau and was sent to the Asylum for kleptomaniacs. It is difficult to see how forgery can be constructed into kleptomania, but perhaps it is one of the advanced stages of the disease.

Walter Davis and Thomas Hughes of Wilkesbarre, Pa., both loved the same girl. The couldn't choose between them; so they resolved to submit their chances to their arbitrament of their fists. They fought a battle which lasted a half hour. Hughes must have had the more deep-seated affection, for, though a much smaller man than Davis, he won the battle. Davis manfully acknowledged that he was no longer a competitor.

There was a number of rather remarkable things about Hodges Drayton, who was arrested in New York the other day for a serious offense. When he was born his father was 15 years old and his mother not quite 11. He first saw the light in an almshouse. He has been in more jails and houses of correction than he has lived years. Recently he had a violent attack of typhoid fever, and during a two weeks' sickness positively refused to go to bed.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR OLD AND YOUNG

—FOR A FINE SELECTION OF—

Watches Rings, Pins, Neck-lace, bracelets, Gold Spectacles, Gold eye Glasses, solid Silver Spoons, Silk umbrellas, Gold Pens and Pencils,

Fine Silver Plated Ware of all styles and plated Knives, Forks and Spoons and carving sets call at

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MAKE YOUR MONEY GO AS FAR AS POSSIBLE.

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HEADQUARTERS for Albums, Books, Stationary, Dolls, Toys, Wagons, Buggies, Queensware, Tinware, Woodware, Glassware, Notions, Handkerchiefs, Towels, Shirts, Hosiery for Ladies, Girls and Children, Men and Boys.

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LADIES DRESS TRIMMINGS

Brooms Brushes or anything else that is ornamental or useful. You will positively lose MONEY, by not call at the Fair. No 13 E. Main St. Xenia O.

N. B. (Don't postpone your Holiday purchase until Christmas week. Now is the time. You can have the pick

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Has in stock a fine line of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY and DIAMONDS!

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WHO HAS NOT SEEN A COPY OF ARTHUR'S NEW HOME MAGAZINE, of Philadelphia? "The best and cheapest ILLUSTRATED monthly ever published in the English language. 1,500 pages for \$1.50.

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If you want a good lunch or a square meal go to Boyd's and try him once.

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Before you buy your suit, Overcoat or Pants for Fall, see KANY THE TAILOR he has a full line of Foreign and Domestic goods always on hand to select from. Perfect fitting garments and first class work guaranteed at a reasonable price.

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Great--Bargains

For 30 Days Only.



Last month our sales were 25 per cent over the corresponding month in 1890. That tells the story, doesn't it?

We Are Making New Records Every Day!

How do you account for the growth?—There is no mystery. It is this: We give the greatest possible value for the least money, and we tell the truth about everything we sell. That's why we are able to make the selling offer; For

\$14.50

we have placed on special tables, marked in plain red figures,

200 Fine Men's and Youths Suits

Ranging from sizes 33 to 44. Textures,-- Cashmeres, Cheviots, Worsted etc.,

Reduced From

\$16, \$18,

\$20, \$22!

Styles, French, one and three Button; Sacks, Straight and Round Corners, Single and Double Breasted. Now Not Brown, Wales, Plaid, Hair Lines etc.

This is earlier in the season than we have before brought such bargains before the public, but we are anxious to do a third larger business this year than ever. None charged or sold less than marked.

A. R. Crandall & Co.,

LOWEST PRICE :: CLOTHIERS, 50 and 52 East Main St., Xenia, Ohio.

J. F. SMITH,

—DEALER IN—

Pianos & Organs

+ Musical Instruments +

Artists

Material,

PICTURE FRAMES.

XENIA, OHIO

THE

SATURDAY

W. H. BLAIR

(PRICE

CHURCH

Covenant school, East 11:00 a m; R. P. Church pastor, Serv school at 10:00 M. E. Church, Preaching school at 9:30 Young People's prayer meet 7:00 U. P. Church pastor, Serv m; Sabbath A. M. E. Church, Pre 7:30 p m; Cla a. m.; Sabbath Baptist Church pastor, Pre 11 a m, and 7:20 o'clock Tuesday night

THE N

Historic I in the

Papers of Success

It is said before long at least a part of our government will be away in the the Washington have been responsible for this our never responsibility is too present, keeping the future, to fasm concerning these enormous permitted to for the bookvo torical sequ great repc from which Hildreth and of informatio

A few state pur dollars the themselves historical membered president that was ter to Fra the revol referred t, vate con period c viously the corre together cluding t tutional Madison and rem dinary r most es the wor qualification partner ings of quies, c ters, etc had acc of Was loved W and he sages, strange volume own ha his see a seri quiste ter the day, collect letters tion of The this d times having the in, at pre that t the st all th early were the whi reime state his d ports has t how must alone Th mate ment awa state spec all c muel houg

ly cures piles, or no pay required. It guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Piles 25 cents box, For sale by B. G. Ridgeway's

The Cedarville Herald.

W. H. BLAIR, Publisher.

CEDARVILLE, OHIO

THE MEMORY-BRIDGES.

Bustly, bustly to and fro,
See them, the bridge-builders, come and go,
Gray-beards and bonny-eyes, mothers and
midges,
All of them busy a-building bridges,
High be they? Low be they?
Who can tell?
Each keeps his secret, and keeps it well.
Steadily, steadily, see them build,
Not one is idle in all the guild.
This one is planning and piecing and plying;
That one is trusting and trading and trying.
Strong be they? Weak be they?
Who is there
Knows if the bridges will break or bear?
Cleverly, cleverly day by day,
Toll the bridge-makers sans stone or clay,
Fashioning after their own design,
Some for rejoicing and some for repining,
Ugly or beautiful?
Who can know
What is the pattern the bridges show?
Conspicuously, ceaselessly year by year,
Grow the abutment, the arch and the pier,
Grow on the builders' brows wrinkles and
ridges,
Caused by the rearing of memory-bridges.
Deep be they? Shallow be they?
All may see
What sort of furrows these furrows be.
Finally, finally each must tread
Over the memory-bridge he's made,
Over the deeds that are long past doing,
Over the faults that are left for rueing.
Light is it? Hard is it?
They may ken
Who've crossed the bridges from Now to
Then.
Julie M. Lippmann, in Youth's Companion.



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CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

"Ah, I am glad of that," Mrs. Evesham exclaimed with unwonted animation.
"Yes," the lumberman continued, glowing with the conscious pride of doing a good action, "Esther shall have the best advice it lies in my power to give her."
"But something more than advice, I hope," his wife persisted.
"Why, yes!" the rich man said. "I had perhaps better not go empty-handed. You can collect the dresses and things you and Jane have done with and I will take them with me. They will cut up splendidly for the little girls."
For a minute Mrs. Evesham's face flushed an indignant objection, but the long force of habit was too strong for open opposition to her husband's judgment, so she sighed a faint acquiescence and departed to prepare the parcel.
It was on this very morning of the trial that Mr. Isaac Evesham put in an appearance at the widow's house in Forty-ninth street, much to the discomfort of that unfortunate lady, who had really never appreciated her well-to-do brother-in-law, whose interest in her affairs had never manifested itself in any more substantial way than a dictatorial interference, which she was ungrateful enough to deem impertinent.
"This is a most dreadful occurrence, Esther," he said, with a solemn wag of his head, while he patted the children's cheeks with his hot, flabby hand, "but blood is thicker than water, and I could not see my brother's children dragged into this newspaper notoriety without an effort to rescue them."
He disapproved of everything she had done, reproached her carelessness in receiving inmates in her house of whom she knew nothing, rated her worse than the coroner had done for permitting the stranger to take the photograph, thought she was foolish in receiving the little girl into her family, and growled heartily over her remissness in not at once applying to him for advice in her dilemma. But he was properly indignant at the coroner's treatment of her—not at the fact that the official had dealt harshly with an unprotected lady, but that he had been rudely overbearing with his, Isaac Evesham's, sister-in-law.
"I will teach him a lesson which he will not soon forget," said the irate lumberman.
And, strange to say, he was at last, by accident, placed in a position to be of material service to his sister-in-law, for when they all reached the coroner's court it happened that the little, fox-eyed man who had sat at the presiding officer's right hand and whispered so many evil counsels in his ear, and who was none other than James Maxwell, the veteran detective, recognized the wealthy burgher from Buffalo, and communicated his information to the coroner, who, after the manner of his kind, became excessively gracious to the lady when he found she was kin to so valuable a member of society. Mrs. Evesham, landlady of a lodging house, was a person of small consideration in the official eyes; but Mrs. Evesham, widow of the brother of a millionaire, was one with whom it would not be wise to trifle. So, being spared the indignities and humiliations she had endured at the opening of the trial, Mrs. Evesham gave her evidence in a clear, intelligent manner, which called forth the commendation of the court and obliterated all impressions in the minds of the jurors that she was attempting to obstruct the

course of justice. But, after all, the information she gave literally amounted to nothing.

Mrs. Wilkins was not so fortunate in her ordeal, but she said what she had to say with a blunt indifference to results, which disarmed suspicion.

The chemist, who had analyzed the remains of the deceased, testified that he had found abundant traces of mineral poison; but there was no evidence to show how or when the unfortunate man had taken it.

Of course the child's valise and the box addressed to Ambrose Arlington had been thoroughly examined, but their contents revealed no clue to the mystery. There was an abundant supply of wearing apparel of the richest description, but not a line of writing, or anything to prove the child's identity. The underwear, however, was marked in a clear, feminine hand "Wanda Arlington."

With these few facts before them, the verdict of the jury was conclusive—that Ambrose Arlington had died of



"THERE, WOMAN, TAKE THE SQUALLING LITTLE THING TO BED."

poisoning, but by whose hand the drug had been administered there was no evidence to show.

The newspapers the next morning disposed of the case in half a dozen lines, and in twenty-four hours their readers had forgotten that such a person as Ambrose Arlington had ever existed.

"And now," said Isaac Evesham, as they were seated round the widow's tea table, weary with the excitement of the trial, yet relieved from the dull sense of oppression which had hung over them for the last few days, "now, Esther, we must finish our work. That woman Wilkins must be sent at once to Wisconsin, and I think—yes, I think—that the little waif and stray you have so foolishly harbored had better be packed off to the Home of the Friendless."

"There was a dead silence in the little circle. Every eye was fixed on the rich lumberman and every face betrayed horror at his proposition.

"Uncle Isaac," gasped Alice, who was first to recover sufficient composure to speak. "Wanda will stay with us. She is a little, wee thing and will be no trouble or expense."

"She shall have my share of all the good things on the table," Kate volunteered.

"Me too," Harry added with ungrammatical generosity.

"Hush, children," the mother interposed gently, "this is a matter for your uncle and myself to discuss when you have retired."

Mr. Evesham glowered at the offending children. For a moment he was too indignant for utterance. Then, turning the full glare of his piercing black eyes, which fairly snapped beneath their shaggy brows, he said in slow, pompous tones:

"Esther Evesham, have you taken leave of your senses? Do you mean to tell me that you think for a moment that such a proposal will bear discussion?"

The widow was spared an explanation, for at that instant the door opened and Mrs. Wilkins entered bearing in her arms the child, whom it seemed as though fortune had sent at this critical moment to plead her own claim to sympathy and protection. She was dressed for bed, and looked like some sweet vision of innocence in her muslin mother-hubard with embroidered yoke.

Even Isaac Evesham's eyes softened as he looked on the pretty creature as she kissed them each good night; and who knows what might have happened if Mrs. Wilkins, encouraged by his kindly look, had not offered the child for his embrace. For a moment he hesitated, colored to his very temples with blushes for his weakness and held his hand, knotted, bony fingers out to clasp her to his bosom, but with a cry of terror the child shrank from him and buried her face in the woman's shoulder, sobbing as though her heart would break.

Mr. Isaac Evesham looked supremely foolish. That he should have been betrayed into a momentary relapse of sentiment was provoking enough, but that his silly advances to this little friendless child of a thing should have met with such a humiliating repulse was simply exasperating.

"There, woman, take the squalling little thing to bed," he said, "and let us have some peace in the room." And all knew that as far as Isaac Evesham was concerned the fate of the baby was sealed.

Half an hour afterwards Mrs.

Evesham had to brace herself for a *lele a lele* with her disagreeable relative, an ordeal she dreaded beyond measure, notwithstanding the encouragement her children managed to whisper in her ear under plea of bidding her good night.

"Be firm, mother dear, and don't give way to him," Alice said.

"I shall cry my eyes out if you let him send Wanda away," sighed Kate.

"Hang on to the baby, ma," implored Harry.

As these suggestions were in accordance with the promptings of her own kind heart, she had not much need to hesitate concerning which course she would take.

To her surprise the enemy opened the battery with a mild salute.

"We must make a radical change in your affairs, Esther," he said grimly, but not without a certain tone of kindness in his voice. "Now that this lodging-house business has proved such a deplorable failure, we must look for something else for you to do."

"I hardly think you can call it a failure as yet," the widow remonstrated. "I have been here only a few months and am getting—"

"Into police courts and newspapers. No, you must come to Buffalo—and talk the matter over with Mrs. E. and Jane." He had nearly committed himself to undertaking the charge of their support, but as he afterwards said his good angel stepped in at the right moment and whispered discretion. "Now, with regard to this little girl, Esther—had I not better see the matron of the Home of the Friendless and make the necessary arrangements for us to take her there in the morning? Your children are so obtrusively emotional, and—"

"You need not put yourself to any trouble about Wanda, Isaac."

"Oh, no trouble. I've put my hand to the plow and I don't mean to turn back."

"But I have not quite made up my mind what to do with the child."

"You don't mean to say that you are going to keep her?"

"Yes," Mrs. Evesham replied bravely, "I believe I am."

"Then all I can say, Esther, is, that you are mad, and I do not mean to waste any time over a person devoid of common sense. What excuse have you for such an act of folly?"

"The child is motherless, friendless, homeless," Mrs. Evesham pleaded.

"And there are in this city of New York a hundred thousand in the same condition. Is that any reason for you to turn your house into a foundling hospital?"

"That awful fact does not absolve me from rescuing this one wee lamb from the storm."

"One wee lamb, indeed!" Mr. Evesham ejaculated, purple with indignation; "it's all very well to talk now that she is a baby, but what will you do when your one wee lamb grows old enough to go to school and wear dresses? You'll find your one wee lamb the dearest piece of mutton you ever bought in your life. See here, Esther, you know you have not the means of clothing your own children without extraneous help."

"Are you alluding to the box of cast-off raiment you brought with you yesterday, Isaac?"

She was at bay now and her eyes flashed with unwonted fire.

"What if I am?" he asked, doggedly.

"Only this. That you can take the things back with you to Buffalo. I was not too proud to accept them and should have found them useful, but your coarse allusion to my need gives too strong a flavor of charity to your generosity. You may have paupers in your own city much more worthy of your bounty."

"Hundreds! I haven't a doubt of it," Mr. Evesham assented, utterly unconscious of the sarcasm. "But that is



"DO YOU NOT HEAR?"

neither here nor there. The question is, what are you going to do with this deserted child? Let me state my proposition before you decide. If you choose to behave in a sensible manner and place her in charge of the city authorities, I will continue to give you my protection and assistance, to aid you in clothing and educating your children, and, perhaps, to find a career for your son when he is old enough to go out into the world; but if you obstinately persist in encumbering yourself with her support, I shall decline, in the name of myself and family, ever again to hold communication with you. It is a choice between the brat and me!" He made the "me" impressively emphatic, as though in his opinion she had no alternative.

The widow was very pale. Even the snapping of this slender link which bound her to her husband's kin hurt her keenly, but she bravely raised her big, brown eyes, wet with tears, and said:

"I think, Isaac, I shall keep the baby."

An angry retort rose to the lumberman's lips, but ere he could speak he was shocked into silence by the startled attitude of his sister-in-law, who stood before him as though petrified with fear.

"Esther," he said, with some little compunction, "I didn't quite mean to—"

"Oh, hush!" she cried, laying her hand on his arm. "Are you deaf? Do you not hear?"

The lumberman caught the infection of the lady's terror.

"No! What? Where?" he gasped, staring in vain for an explanation.

"Hark!"

For a moment, silence. Then, over their heads came the sound of measured



HE WAS VERY BRAVE NOW THAT THE POLICEMAN WAS BY HIS SIDE.

footsteps, as though some one was moving cautiously in the room above.

"Gracious, Esther, how you scared me. Is that all?"

"It is in number six," she replied in a frightened whisper; "the room is unoccupied, the door is locked and I have the key in my pocket."

Mr. Isaac Evesham was prompt in action.

"You stand on the stairs here, Esther, to see that no one escapes by the front door, while I fetch a policeman," he cried to the trembling widow, and before a word of expostulation could reach him, he had snatched his hat and was flying down the street at a rate highly creditable to his physical condition.

It was not very heroic to leave the woman to bear the brunt of the adventure, but his was not the stuff of which heroes are made, and he may be forgiven if he preferred the common-sense view of personal danger over the stalwart shoulder of an officer of the law.

It was very provoking. He certainly was not gone five minutes from the house; yet, when he returned with a patrolman, he found the front door wide open and his sister-in-law lying on the stairs in a fainting fit, with two frightened servant girls chafing her hands and using other homely arts to revive her.

"Why are women such bundles of nerves?" he queried, petulantly, mopping his face with a large bandanna handkerchief.

"Ugh, you brute!" the pretty housemaid flashed, indignantly, whereat he collapsed into sullen indifference.

Presently Esther's eyes opened, and, with a long-drawn sigh, she feebly asked:

"Is he gone?"

"Who?"

"The man."

"What man?"

"The photographer."

"Now, bless my soul, what rank madness! 'What hysterical nonsense!' Mr. Evesham ejaculated. 'Do for goodness' sake try and be a woman, Esther—at least try and not be a woman, for they are all emotions—but try for just two minutes and be a sensible human being, and tell us what has happened.'"

By this time Mrs. Evesham was fast recovering full consciousness.

"I am sorry I was so weak," she said, "but I was much frightened. You had hardly left the house when a man rushed down the stairs and passed out at the front door."

"Man! Pshaw! All imagination!" the lumberman blurted out, indignantly.

"I am not quite sure of that," the officer interposed. "But why did you say you thought this man was a photographer, marm?"

"I thought he was the person who came to photograph the body of a gentleman who died in this house a few days ago," was the quiet reply.

"Oh, bah!" Isaac Evesham interrupted. "She's got that photographer on the brain, policeman. Why, it's only yesterday she told me a cock-and-bull story of him glaring at her through a window, like a ghastly specter in a dime novel."

"Yet you yourself heard the footsteps, Isaac."

"Oh, pshaw! I don't know about that; might have been some one next door. However, we will soon find out." He was very brave, now that the policeman was by his side.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"How do I look?"

That depends, madam, upon how you feel. If you're suffering from functional disturbances, irregularities or weaknesses, you're sure to "look it." And Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the remedy. It builds up and invigorates the system, regulates and promotes the proper functions, and restores health and strength. It's a legitimate medicine, not a beverage; purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, and made especially for woman's needs. In the cure of all "female complaints," it's guaranteed to give satisfaction, or the money is refunded. No other medicine for women is sold so. Think of that, when the dealer says something else (which pays him better) is "just as good."

"Times have changed." So have methods. The modern improvements in pills are Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They help Nature, instead of fighting with her. Sick and nervous headache, biliousness, costiveness, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels are prevented, relieved, and cured.

"August Flower"

"I inherit some tendency to Dyspepsia from my mother. I suffered two years in this way; consulted a number of doctors. They did me no good. I then used your August Flower and it was just two days when I felt great relief. I soon got so that I could sleep and eat, and I felt that I was well. That was three years ago, and I am still first-class. I am never without a bottle, and if I feel constipated the least particle a dose or two of August Flower does the work. The beauty of the medicine is, that you can stop the use of it without any bad effects on the system."

Relieved in your August Flower and it was just two days when I felt great relief. I soon got so that I could sleep and eat, and I felt that I was well. That was three years ago, and I am still first-class. I am never without a bottle, and if I feel constipated the least particle a dose or two of August Flower does the work. The beauty of the medicine is, that you can stop the use of it without any bad effects on the system."

Two Days. without a bottle, and if I feel constipated the least particle a dose or two of August Flower does the work. The beauty of the medicine is, that you can stop the use of it without any bad effects on the system."

Constipation While I was sick I felt everything it seemed to me a man could feel. I was of all men most miserable. I can say, in conclusion, that I believe August Flower will cure anyone of indigestion, if taken Life of Misery with judgment. A. M. Weed, 229 Bellefontaine St., Indianapolis, Ind. ©

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WILL DO all that is claimed for it AND MORE. It Shortens Labor, Lessens Pain, Diminishes Danger to Life of Mother and Child. Look to "MOTHERS' FRIEND" for FREE, containing valuable information and voluntary testimonials.

Sent by express on receipt of price \$1.50 per bottle. BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

ELY'S CATARRH CREAM BALM

When applied into each nostril and in a moderate quantity, will be absorbed effectually cleaning the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the mucous membrane from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores sense of taste and smell.

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Opium. Morphine Habit Cured in 10 Days. No Pain. No Pay. Dr. J. C. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP.

WHAT WOULD WE ASK OF TIME?



When we walk within his palace,
And it seems as sweet as home,
What would we ask of Time to bless us,
What from his hands would we receive?
But courage for the tasks before us,
And power to do as we believe!

Let his royal grace command us
In the name of truth to fight;
Let his banner, floating o'er us,
Ever lead us to the right.
Strike down the sins that smite us,
Banish the boudits in our way;
Like red-cross knights be bold to vanquish
The monsters making man their prey.

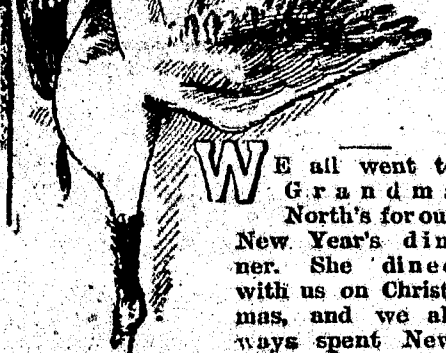
In these days of toil and striving,
There's so much for hands to do,
And for lips that have a message,
Is the need that they be true;
The ancient word of love is mighty,
Its living power to save is sure;
And were our souls a flame and zealous,
The day of victory we'd secure.

Let us strive to make men better,
Doing something for the race,
Wiping out some glided error,
Bringing back some gentle grace;
By honest work and deed defending
What earnest hearts desire to do;
By hope and help their plans perfecting,
And by the old enrich the new!

Let us ask of Time correction
Of the past we used but ill;
Let us ask to do our duty,
With a braver, truer will;
Then walking in the new year's portals,
Thrilling with soldier love of fame,
We'll give our God our grandest service
In holy worship of His name!

—William Brunton, in Good Housekeeping.

THE NEW YEAR'S TURKEY.



WE all went to Grandpa North's for our New Year's dinner. She dined with us on Christmas, and we always spent New Year's with her. When I say all of us, I mean pa and ma and Helen and Alice and myself (Robert), the only boy in the family, and I can tell you being the only boy, with two older sisters ordering you round, and nagging and making fun of you, isn't a delightful position.

Pa is grandma's only child, and that's the reason there's so few of us when we come together at a family dinner. To be sure we have other relatives, but they live way up north, and I haven't seen half of them and couldn't even tell you half their names.

Grandma lives on a farm about two miles from the town of Shelton, and though she's a very old lady she's as spry and active as if she was young, and manages the farm by herself just as well as grandpa did when he was living.

We live so far from Pine Grove—that's the name of the farm—that we always get there a day or two before New Year's. I must say for grandma there isn't any stinting at her table, or winking and frowning at you not to take two helps of this or that, and when she catches ma or the girls doing it at me, she calls out:

"For goodness' sake, let Bob eat as much as he wants to! Where's the sense of stinting a boy of thirteen in his eating? I like to see young people eat as if they enjoyed their meals, and not mincing and dallying over their plates. Let the boy alone, Maria."

Grandma has a cook, an Irishwoman named Molly McShane, just as jolly and good-natured as herself. She's lived ten years at Pine Grove, and she's as glad to see us all as grandma is. She's no beauty, Molly isn't, for she's short and squat, and has no more figure than a cotton bale, and her face is brown and red, and her nose looks as if it had been mashed flat.

She isn't young, either, but for all that she's got a bean named Terence O'Brien. A worthless young fellow he is, grandma says, who wants to get at Molly's bag of savings, and if he can cajole her out of them without marrying her, he'll do it; but if he can't, he'll make her Mrs. O'Brien, and get away with the money. But Molly keeps a tight grip on her bag. She and Terence count the money over every two or three months, but she holds on to every nickel, and he can't get one of 'em out of her.

Pa tried to persuade her to put her money in a savings bank, but she hooted at him.

"No, nor, I'll be niver that silly to put me money where I cannot see it when I want. Banks break, and if I had all the gold and silver and jewels

as the world, no banks would see 'em, and waller 'em up. Sometimes I dhram av me money, and then it does me all the good in the world to open me chist and see me bag all safe."

"Take care, Molly!" pa said, laughing. "Since Terry knows so well where you keep your treasure, some bright morning you will wake up and find both bag and sweetheart gone."

Molly got red, and cried out: "An' do ye main to say, sor, that Terence O'Brien, what comes av the, good ould shtook—why, the O'Briens came av the kings av Munster—that he would demane himself to be a dirty thafe? Ah, niver!"

"Very well," pa said, still laughing. "If I were you, Molly, I'd change my hiding-place now and then. It won't do any harm."

She didn't answer, but went about looking troubled until grandma had to scold her for being so absent-minded that she put sugar instead of salt in the soup, and burned the chickens to a crisp.

"What is the matter with you, Molly?" says grandma.

"It's the evil one that's got into me, I think, ma'am," Molly said. "I'm just dazed, and I feel as if some great trouble was comin'."

That was at night, and the next morning there was the greatest hullabaloo you ever heard. Molly's bag of money was gone from her chest, and she was in hysterics. The strangest thing of all was, she always wore the key of the chest on a string around her neck, and it never came off day or night. The key was in its place, and the chest looked as usual, but when she opened it the money bag was gone.

"Who was here last night, Molly?" asked pa.

"It was Terry!" she screamed. "It's him, the thafe, that's got my money! We counted it, and he says as how there was enough to get married on after New Year. Have him arrested, Mither North, for the howly Vargin's sake."

"But how did he get the keys?" pa asked.

"How can I know?" she groaned. "I had awful dhramas all night av walkin' and climbin', and I was that sore this mornin'. He's got my money some way, and then she began to howl again."

Pa went to town, but sure enough Mr. O'Brien wasn't to be found, and the man where he worked said he had gone off on the north-bound train, but said he would be back in a day or two.

"An' where did the dirty thafe get the money for his ticket?" cries Molly. "Whin niver a red cent did he have in his pocket?"

Pa told her he had put the police on his track, and that quieted her so she managed to cook the dinner, but she cried quarts between times.

That was the day before New Year, and after dinner grandma took us into the pantry to see the things. Oh, I couldn't begin to tell you what loads of pies and cakes and fruits and candies there were, but we hardly saw anything for looking and wondering at a monstrous turkey that hung from a big hook in the ceiling. It was a mammoth, and grandma said that old as she was she had never seen anything like it. It was of a big breed, to begin with, and had been fattening in a coop for a year.

"For two months," grandma said, "the turkey has been fed on peccans and walnuts, and just look at the fat! If it isn't delicious, then I'm no judge of a fine turkey."

Even Molly got up her spirits over that turkey, and told us how she was going to stuff it with truffles, and such a gravy! After that she had another crying spell, and took herself off to bed.

The next morning, after breakfast, she took the keys out of her pocket and started for the pantry. I went



"It's gone! It's gone!" along, but she was ahead. She opened the door and gave a little start and cried out: "Where's the turkey?"

Sure enough, there was the hook, but no turkey. Molly looked on the shelves, behind the barrels, and in every nook and corner, as if the mice could have moved that monster. Then she says to me, looking as white as a sheet:

"Bob, run to the mistress and be askin' her if she moved the turkey?"

"The turkey?" cries grandma, jumping up. "What does that girl mean? Has she lost her senses? Where should the turkey be but in the pantry where she hung it?"

"It isn't there, grandma," I said, and then everybody ran to the pantry. Molly was sitting in a chair, looking scared to death, and gasping for breath.

"It's gone! It's gone!" she hollered, jumping up and clapping her hands

"it's gone like my money! The door was locked, and the key in my pocket. The window is barred, look! They haven't been touched! Howly saints, but it is bewitched the house is!"

Well, it was just as she said. Everything was in its place, the ducks and geese and mutton, and not a single pie or cake had been touched. The thief, whoever it was, only hankered for the big turkey.

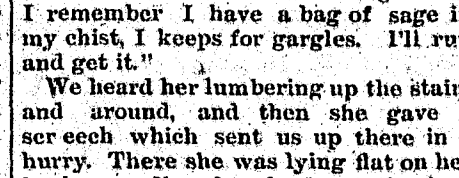
"But who could have taken it?" says grandma, looking hard at Molly. "I don't suspect you, Molly, for you've been with me for ten years, and I've never missed a pin. But did you have visitors last night, and did you give them a peep at the turkey?"

"We have visitors," Molly cried, "and me pore heart broke entirely at losin' me money, and Terry's rascally. No, ma'am, I cried, till the slape came, and then I dhramed av the turkey. Yes I did, and it was alive and flyin' and I runnin' after it."

"Well, it's no use moaning," grandma said. She's a sensible old lady, and she never cries over spilt milk. "We'll go without any dinner if you don't go to work, Molly. I'm sorry about the turkey, but I reckon we must make a shift without it. Where's the sage and onions for the goose stuffin'?"

"Here's the onions, ma'am, but I clean forgot the sage yesterday when Jim went to town for the things. But I remember I have a bag of sage in my chist, I keeps for gargles. I'll run and get it."

We heard her lumbering up the stairs and around, and then she gave a screech which sent us up there in a hurry. There she was lying flat on her back, pounding her heels on the floor



SHE DREW SOMETHING OUT, and howling and laughing like one of the laughing hyenas you see in shows.

"It's the turkey! The turkey!" she howled, "in my chist, wropped in my silk shawl! the grandmother lift me."

There it was, sure enough, wrapped neatly in a white silk shawl—Molly's only piece of finery.

Everyone looked at each other, and grandma lifted Molly's head and slapped her back, and made her drink some water. When she came to herself she was white and trembling like a leaf. You couldn't pay her to touch that turkey, for she said the 'witches had been moving it, and ma and grandma had to stuff it and put it to roast. Pa said that he was sure that Molly had put the turkey in the chest, maybe when she was asleep. At any rate, we made a splendid dinner, though Molly said she was expecting us to drop down dead, or run raving mad after eating it. That's the way she said bewitched things served the folks in the 'ould country."

We sat around the fire late that night, talking over things. Just as we were going to bed Jim, the hired man, came to the door and said: "I don't know what's the matter with Mollie. She's walkin' about the yard barefoot, and just a nightgown on and it's freezing hard. I spoke to her, and she never turned her head, but just kept on."

"Just as I thought," pa said, jumping up. "The woman is a somnambulist, a sleep-walker. You must not make a noise, or wake her suddenly."

We came upon her at the bars. She pulled out one as well as I could do, and got through the hole, and then moved swiftly toward the henhouse, which was in the back lot. We followed there, and she was fumbling in the moss and straw of an empty nest. She drew something out, and the moon was as bright as day, so we could see it was a white bag.

"Her money, I'm sure," whispered pa.

She took the bag to another nest, and covered it there carefully, and then marched out of the henhouse, not seeing us, though we were almost touching her.

She went straight to her room and pa said we must leave the money in the nest and we could tell her and let her get it herself.

You ought to have seen her the next morning when we took her to the henhouse and showed her her treasure. She hugged the bag and kissed it and cried over it, as if it were a lost child; and then she hollered about her injustice to her darlint, Terry O'Brien, and how she would send for him and marry him that very day.

But I am glad to say that "Mither O'Brien" didn't have the spending of Mollie's earnings. He had been concerned in a burglary, and the police were after him, and that is the reason he had left town in such a hurry.

He never came back and Molly still lives with grandma.—Marie B. Williams, in Youth's Companion.

AUNT JANE'S STORY.

A New Year's Day That Meant a Great Deal to Two Folks.

"A good many years have passed since Tom Shaw brought his wife home to the house on the hill; and there is no doubt they have both grown a good deal older and wiser since then. To be sure, as folks find it now-a-days, time does fly fast. I remember now the picture in my little primer books of old Father Time with a sickle in his hand; he seemed to be mowing at a right smart pace, but I don't look mighty weak in the legs, and I don't have an idea that he could get on very fast at the best. On the very next page there's a picture of a very little tree with a bushy top, and a man as big as itself sitting on it, and under the tree there's a bit of rhyme that says:

"Zaccheus he
Did climb the tree
His Lord to see."

"Now I know that if Zaccheus had climbed into that tree he never would have seen anything, for it would have been the end of it. And so neither that picture nor the other would be good for anything to me."

Aunt Jane's voice was hushed, and she knitted two or three rounds upon the gray sock that she was making for our poor society, and then her hands fell in her lap, her chin dropped a little, and the old lady was asleep. Abby and I looked intently at her; hair, that had once been as yellow as our own, was of snowy whiteness; and it lay on each side of a forehead that was full of seams and wrinkles; the eyes that were tight shut were as blue as our baby's, and the mouth that was a little open was almost as small as his. But her cheeks were one mass of puckers, and even under the edge of her white hair we could see them deep and drawn.

"Say, Lila," Abby said to me in a whisper, "how dreadful it must be to be eighty years old; only think, Lila, that is eight times as old as I am."

"What of it?" I asked. "She doesn't mind it, and she isn't eight times older than I am."

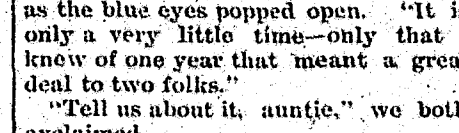
"H'm. All but two years," Abby answered.

"But I'd have you to know," I said, frankly, "that two years is a long time."

"No, it is not, my darlings," was Aunt Jane's unexpected interruption, as the blue eyes popped open. "It is only a very little time—only that I know of one year that meant a great deal to two folks."

"Tell us about it, auntie," we both exclaimed.

"Yes, I will. Let's see. I must have dropped off to sleep while I was telling you about Tom and Het Shaw. Well, don't let me go again; just give me a shake if you see my eyes shut. Memorable Larkins was as pretty as a picture; her hair was as yellow as spun gold, and her eyes were as brown as a



ripe hazel nut. Her step was so springy that she hardly seemed to touch the ground as she walked, and Tom Shaw loved her better than anything in the world.

"He built the house up yonder; and they do say that he sang and whistled so many gay tunes as he nalled on the claspboards that he ought to have had a happy wife to put inside of it. When it was all finished and furnished, he brought his bride home; and after that, folks used to walk past the house many and many a time, to hear the two singing together."

"Did they never quarrel, Aunt Jane?" Abby asked. My sister's idea of a good time was to have a bit of quarrel sometimes with somebody.

"You wait, my darling, until I tell you. It was just after the new year had commenced that they came up on the hill. All summer they seemed as happy as birds, and of an evening they worked in their garden, and for miles around no one had prettier roses, bigger hollyhocks, or yellower tansy than Tom and Het Shaw."

"But with the fall the flowers faded, and the happy couple began to grow solemn; they did not sing so much, and the lamps did not shine so brightly out into the world at night, and, when one of the neighbors happened in, Het had a very suspicious moisture about the eyes. But she never gave any reason for it, and she was of that sort that nobody dared to ask, much as they would have liked to. Anyhow, her cheeks grew pale, and there were no more songs to be heard. And so it came along to the last day of the year. Tom had been out to the woodhouse to get some kindlings for the fire in the morning, and when he had thrown them behind the stove, he went into the sitting-room, and there was Het upon her knees by the sofa, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"That sight was too much for Tom. He went over to her, lifted her from the floor, and sat her upon his knee. And then he said: 'My little girl, what is it? I cannot stand this any longer; you must tell me what the matter is.'

"And she threw both arms about his neck, and between her sobs she whispered into his ear all her troubles; and quick as a flash they were as loving as they had been all summer; and the first thing they did was to sing the long metre doxology."

"What had been the matter, Aunt Jane?" asked Abby, in an interested voice.

And Aunt Jane said: "That is the very strangest part of it; from that day to this not one of the neighbors could find out. Of course, there had been some sort of a quarrel, but we know they had made it up, for Joe Hines was going up the hill, and he stopped a minute to hear them sing, and under the crack of the curtain he saw them kneeling by the sofa, and Tom had his arm around Het's waist and he was praying out aloud. And Het after told the neighbors that the next day (that was New Year day), was the happiest day of her life."

"How long ago was this, Aunt Jane?" I inquired. And to my astonishment her reply was:

"Let's see; ten—twenty—forty—yes, it must be nigh on to sixty years, and there's been no happier home in all the country than theirs. How time does fly! It'll turn out well in their case, but don't quarrel, my darlings; you mightn't come out as well. Sixty years! How time does fly, to be sure!"

"But auntie," I commenced, and Abby gave my arm a jerk as she said: "Hush, Lila; she's gone to sleep, and that's all she knows about it, anyway."

We looked at her white hair that shone like silver in the sunlight, and thought what a wonderful thing it was to know stories that happened sixty years ago; and we wondered if our faces would be all seams and puckers if we should live to be as old as Aunt Jane. And as we crept softly out of the room we heard her murmuring, as in a dream: "Sixty years; how time does fly!" —Isabel Olcott, in Christian at Work.

AN OLD PROTEST.

A Few Reflections Suggested to the New Year.

When the calendar tells us that the year is very old and near his end, it seems like a mistake; we only half believe it. The mind does not take kindly to the thought of old age. The old man with long glass and scythe is always an unwelcome guest.

I cannot think of myself as an old man. I can easily identify myself with the crude and opinionated person who bore my name a decade or two ago, but by no effort of imagination I can identify myself with the tottering graybeard who may some day answer to the same name. A hazy but impenetrable barrier lies forever across a man's untrodden path. His mind seems to be almost impervious to the idea that he is growing old.

The venerable autocrat tells how "the octogenarian peers among the asterisks of the triennial catalogue of the university for the names of graduates who have been seventy years out of college and remain still unstarred." There is a touch of pathos in the way in which he represents each advancing decade as shield, a brekwater, for those who come after them. The man of seventy takes refuge behind the thin ranks of the octogenarians.

But is there not in this universal shrinking from old age some prophecy as well as some pathos?

The familiar spectacle of men and women attempting to appear younger than the family Bible indicates; is it only material for the hand of the satirist or the smile of the cynic? a hint for an essay on the folly of man? May it not also be an unconscious affirmation of the imperishable faculties of life, the eternal vigor of the soul?

The protest which mankind makes against old age is not, I take it, merely an indication that he is afraid of death, or too fond of the temporal things of the world, but an evidence repeated again and again of the immortality of the soul; of the essential and ever expanding power of spirit, which refuses to submit to the decline and weakness which happen to be incidental to a body which he shall some day dispense with.

"I don't feel old; why should I walk as if I were old?" says the man of seventy. It is an attempt to hold his body up to the demands of his soul. It is a protest which stands for a truth; a kind of righteous rebellion which promises victory and liberty sometime. Old age is but an episode in the life of the soul.

The choicest, strongest faculties of our lives stubbornly resist the encroachments of age and remain vital forever. "Undimmed by age, uncoiled by damp and dust."

To the rarest men and women, in their declining years, old age seems more like the dawn than the twilight of life.

Victor Hugo in the fullness of his years said: "The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the world's which unite me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others: 'I have finished my day's work,' but I cannot say: 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin again next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes with the twilight to open with the dawn."—Clarence T. Brown, in Chicago Advance.

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THE HERALD.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, '91.

W. H. BLAIR, Editor and Prop'r

PRICE \$1.25 PER ANNUM.

Coming Events.

CEARVILLE OPERA HOUSE.

Rev. A. A. Willets, Dec 31.
Swedish Ladies, Concert, Jan 12.
Geo K Morris, D D, Feb 18.

Schools closed Wednesday for the holidays.

Mrs. Harrison Timmons is very low with la-grippe.

Miss Bernice Wolford is spending the holidays at home.

Dr. Sayrs was obliged to dismiss the high school Wednesday morning on account of sickness.

Miss Gertrude Dean has gone to Columbus to spend the winter with her sister, Mrs. Patton.

John Huffman, his two daughters and Scariah Huffman, an Aunt, are all down with the "grip."

Miss Anna McMillan spent Christmas with her sister, Mrs. Harry Wilson, of Anderson, Indiana.

Miss Stella Barber is in Alexandria, Indiana, this week, the guest of her sister, Mrs. Will Elerick.

Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Parrill of Coshocton, O., are this week the guests of Prof. Smith and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Shigley, of Cincinnati, are the guests of Mr. Nelson Shigley, south of this place.

Wm. Reid, who died in Clifton was a member of the M. E. church instead of the U. P. church as was stated last week.

Mr. Bull, who has been visiting his sons in Indiana has been very sick with la-grippe, but is recovering. He is now in Bloomfield.

Mrs. Clemens, wife of John G. Clemens president of the Peoples bank at Jamestown, died Monday from the effects of the la-grippe.

The Young Peoples society will give a conundrum social in Ervin & Williamson's hall Tuesday evening December 26. Do not forget to go as the program will be a unique one.

The children of Mr. Waddle, of near Clifton, entertained a number of their young friends at tea Wednesday evening. About twenty young people from this place were present.

As the passenger train was making the run from Dayton to Xenia Wednesday morning a stone was thrown through the windows, striking the brakeman and seriously injuring him. Word was at once sent the proper officers and the offender was captured and taken to Dayton the same evening.

Mrs. Aaron Shepard died at her home near Cedarville Tuesday. She was an invalid for years but the immediate cause of her death was an attack of la-grippe. She leaves besides her husband and parents a brother and sister to mourn her loss. The funeral services occurred at her late residence Thursday morning, and was conducted by Rev. Tufts.

Everybody has read "SUNSHINE," the popular 16 page paper for youth. Do you want it next year? The Herald will furnish it to you free of cost. All we ask of you is to be a subscriber of the Herald, and pay in advance. For 25 cents more money we will, in addition, furnish the Metropolitan and Rural Home, a sixteen page journal devoted to horticulture and agriculture. We also furnish club rates with any paper or magazine in the United States or Canada.

I am selling my entire stock of fall millinery goods at cost. Call at once if you want bargains.

JULIA CONDON.

Preaching services hereafter at the Methodist church will be at the same hours as at the other churches. 11 a. m., and 7 p. m. Tomorrow morning the pastor will preach upon "The Gospel Type of Religion for business life." In the evening he will speak upon "Lessons from the late tragedy in Cedarville," in which he will expose a new phase of the dark side of Cedarville life. All cordially invited to these services. The Epworth League will meet at 6 o'clock.

A CRUSHER.

I have just put in a crusher at Ervin & Co's. elevator for crushing all kinds of feed and will run on Tuesdays and Fridays of each week. Can accommodate all.

MADDERN ERVIN.

Is it because crimes are so frequent that so little is said about them? Several days ago a highway robbery was committed in North Cedarville yet so closely was it kept that not a dozen persons know of the circumstances. As far as can be learned Mrs. Caleb Shrodes had a five dollar gold piece which she had been carrying and which she was afraid of losing and asked her husband to give her silver for it. This he did, and while she was standing in the door at their residence, and while holding it in her hand she stepped out into the yard when some miscreant who had evidently seen the money attacked her and attempted to take it from her. Her cries brought her husband to her assistance and the fellow left. In the struggle her clothing was badly torn. An attempt has been made to keep the affair quiet and it was by mere chance we learned of it. Mrs. Shrodes saw her assailant plainly and was able to give a good description of him we understand.

Notice of Settlement.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to the undersigned, will please call and settle on or before January 1st., 1892 as interest will be charged on and after January 10th.,

Respectfully,

CROUSE & BULL.

The Young People of the U. P. church will give a Conundrum Tea and Art Gallery in Ervin & Williamson's Hall Tuesday evening Dec., 29th, 1891. There will be no charge for admission. The art Gallery will be a source of pleasure to young and an elegant supper will be served on the European plan. All are cordially invited.

Notice.

All knowing themselves indebted to Barr & Morton will please call and settle by cash or note by January 1st., 1892.

Although another week has passed the excitement in the Creswell abortion case is as great as ever and the citizens are determined that the guilty parties shall be brought to justice if human agency can accomplish it. John T. Norris, in company with Prosecutor Trader was here Monday evening and agreed that if the citizens would raise sufficient money to pay the expenses of an attorney in running about the country and taking evidence he would furnish all information free of charge. Acting upon advice Mayor Townsley called a meeting of the citizens Tuesday evening. Mayor Townsley was elected chairman, W. H. Blair secretary, and J. H. Wolford treasurer. The object of the meeting having been discussed at length, it was decided that it would be best to raise about \$200. and offer it as a reward for the arrest and conviction of the guilty parties. A committee consisting of W. J. Smith, L. G. Bull, and Frank Tarbox was appointed to solicit funds and report the next evening, at which time \$123.70 was reported. A committee to take charge of the funds and offer it as a reward was called for and Amos Creswell, L. G. Bull and J. H. Wolford were selected. The work of soliciting is still going on and it is supposed a sufficient sum will be subscribed by this evening, at which time there will be another meeting of the citizens in the Mayor's office. The Herald last week gave only the facts in this sad case without making specific charges. There is sufficient evidence that a foul crime has been committed and we will allow the future to decide who the guilty ones are. That they merit to the fullest extent the punishment prescribed by law cannot be doubted, and while it may fall upon those who have heretofore borne a spotless reputation it is the more reason why the case should be sifted to the bottom. No innocent person should suffer for the crime of another, but the motto of the average Cedarville citizen is that no guilty person be allowed to escape.

We have a

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On hands for HOLIDAY SELECTION. We ask all to come early. DO NOT GIVE THIS A PASSING GLANCE. for this means

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10 per cent above cost is all we want. I'll pay you to buy at Bird's

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\$2.50	Overcoats for	\$1.90.
\$3.50	"	" \$2.90.
\$4.50	"	" \$3.90.
\$5.00	"	" \$4.25.

at Bird's

Oysters and Celery.

Bananas, Grapes and Oranges for New Year's at Bird's. P. S. Leave your orders in time.

They must be sold

Mens Heavy Suits and Overcoats. Profits have been sacrificed, and you will find some genuine Bargains in these goods. at Bird's.

Bargains in Underwear.

We have reduced prices on Underwear 12 1/2 per cent. Come and see these goods. at Bird's.

The annual Clark's Run shooting Capt. Wm. Hyslop 1, J. E. Collins 9, Harry Wilson 10, M. W. Collins 3, J. A. Harbison 3, R. S. Anderson 10, D. S. Collins 11, A. G. Collins 5. James Andrew acted as referee. match occurred last Saturday and the winners were treated to an elegant oyster supper by the defeated ones at the residence of D. S. Collins Wednesday evening. The following is the score:
Capt. Wm. Forbus. 8, W. B. Stevenson 15, R. E. Corry 6, Al. Barber 10, O. E. Bradfute 11, Ned Stewart 6, Wm. Rife 5, Mack Stewart 9.

Bring your lard cans to my store at once and have them filled with pure fresh lard. C. W. Grouse

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House to Rent—Inquire of S. K. Mitchell.

Buy your winter boots of Stormont and Co.

Gloves, Overalls, Socks, etc., at Andrew Bros. & Co.



There you see, if you have a talent, you can make money. I have a talent for teaching, and I can make \$3000 a year. I have a talent for teaching, and I can make \$3000 a year. I have a talent for teaching, and I can make \$3000 a year.

"The Fate of a Libertine" is the latest series of sensational novels published by the Richard K. Fox Publishing House, New York. It deals with a class of people who find pleasure at the race tracks and fast resorts. The scenes are laid in New York and Long Branch. The hero, a successful jockey, who earns \$12,000 a year, triumphs over his enemies, marries the girl he loves and all turns out happily in the end. The novel is full of dramatic incidents and racy situations, and is of absorbing interest from beginning to end. The book is handsomely illustrated and sells for 50 cents.

A shooting match at the cliffs attracted a large crowd Thursday afternoon.

VOL 12

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SATURDAY

W. H. BLAIR

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